

The History of

O, the Diuell take such coozeners, God forgive me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue nor, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh Prifoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome ftraight,
And make the *Douglas* fonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I fhall fend you written, bee affur'd,
Will eafily be granted you, my Lord.

Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of *Torke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſſow* the Lord *Scrope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and fet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill let'ſt flip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Torke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by rayſing of a head:
For, beare our felues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our felues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. Hee does: hee does, wee le bee reueng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will bee ſuddenly:
He ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee ſhort,
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Croues, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not
packt. What *Oſtler*?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore lade is wrung in the Withers out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that
is the next way to gine poore lades the Bots: his houſe is tur-
ned vpside downe ſince *Robin Oſtler* died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates
roſe, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to bee the moſt villanous houſe in all
London road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Teach.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is ne're a King
chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iordaine, and then we
leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie hreedes Fleas
like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two rafes of Ginger,
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtar-
ued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in
thy head? canſt not heare, and 'twere not as good a deed as

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drinke,